

Dime Store Prophets

"Things I Do"

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(Johnny Richter)

Why do people wanna always know about Richter
What I do at home, how much I really smoke
If I really got as many bongas as I claim
If my talk bout drinkin's just a game
Well listen up

(Johnny Richter)

Drinkin' vodka, blue label, Smirnoff off on the rocks
I wish I had my sack but I left it at Pac's
Fake whips got me trippin' shit I almost got lost
Walkin' up to my own crib comin' from the garage
But the night ain't over yet I got places to go
Hit the bong and get faded but I needed some mo'
I told 'em make sure its me when I brang my bag of
green
But it was the bc's so I only got a faze you know what I
mean?
But if you don't that's no lingual a faze is an eighth
I don't get more than an eighth if there ain't chript on
the plate
Now sayin' it's not chript that it ain't kind
It just means the herb you got ain't close to half as
good as mine
That's right the truth hurts but not as bad as the dirt
Comin' up to your throat when you choke and that's my
word
Damn that shit burns I don't even like to think about the
cottonmouth you
suffer if you didn't have a drink

Hook (Johnny Richter)

Cuz these are the types of things I do
And these are the types of tales I tell
People ask me if I smoke I say I do
And the smoke I exhale got the chronic smell

(Johnny Richter)

Wake up when I want 'cuz that's the life I lead
Out every night takin' trips every week
Hangin' out with my peeps just livin' the life

Only smokin' out of glass, while you hittin' metal pipes
On the national flights passports getting' filled
You know the show be tight if KMK's on the bill
Punk rock, hip-hop, hits never seem to stop
When the crowd gets tired cuz the head that they bob
I got a job but I ain't callin' it work
Getting' paid to smoke herb ain't work its absurd
Kottonmouth Kings takin' over this millennium
Suburban noize family I know you be feelin' 'em
Comin' out your stereo or seein' us on stage
Even with thousands of stunts leavin' ladies in a daze
People shocked and amazed that they caught us in a
fade
When they take one hit off of Johnny Richter's dank
'Cuz I'm keep blowin' continuously flowin'
like the rappers on my condoms, people say that I am
goin'
Have me flowin' like my hydro when my rappers givin'
far
Rather have ten pounds of chronic then a fancy fuckin'
car

Hook (2x) (Johnny Richter)

Cuz these are the types of things I do
And these are the types of tales I tell
People ask me if I smoke I say I do
And the smoke I exhale got the chronic smell

(Johnny Richter)

Stumble in the front door
Throw my jacket on the ground
I look left I look right
Shit I looked all around
The house was all quiet
Didn't hear a single sound
Grabbed the bottle of bacarddi and proceeded to
pound
'Bout a quarter way through, 'bout 11:32
I headed to dell taco 'cuz I needed to get some food
If not I'm gunna puke and I don't want that
Shouldn't have drank twenty blasts, shouldn't have
smoked ten bags
Couldn't relax, that is my stomach of course
Shit was comin' up fast and chargin' with force
Now passed my vocal cords quickly approachin' my
teeth
Throwin' up every color red, yellow, orange, green
There it was for me to see right in front of my eyes
A boritto, two taco's, and my chili cheese fries
Now there's a lesson to learn if you listen right here
Beer, liquor never sicker liquor, beer you in the clear

(hook Johnny Richter)
Cuz these are the types of things I do
And these are the types of tales I tell
People ask me if I smoke I say I do
And the smoke I exhale got the chronic smell

Don't worry about it
Johnny Richter out smokin' the fuckin' planet
All day long
Don't forget I was an underage achoholic before you
was hittin' the bong
Been smokin' for over a decade
I got ten years under my belt and I ain't even twenty-
four
Don't worry about it

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